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POETICAL EPISTLE

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TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE NEW BATH GUIDE,

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FROM A

GENTEEL FAMILY IN ——— SHIRE.

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Aspice, si quid

Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur. HOR.

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L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXVII.

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POST OFFICE

LETTER OF THE NEW YORK





LETTER I.  
TO THE  
AUTHOR OF THE NEW BATH GUIDE,  
FROM  
MISS CHARLOTTE W—P—E,  
A YOUNG LADY OF WIT, LEARNING, AND MODESTY.

SWEET is the Music of thy murm'ring Springs;  
Yet sweeter, BATH, the Strain thy Poet sings.

What, tho' I boast not half the Fire,

That glow'd thro' A\*\*\*y's Veins;

If *one* kind Muse would *mine* inspire,

As *all* inspir'd *his* Strains;

For Him (—sweet Fancy's fav'rite Child!) I cannot

I'd tune the grateful Lay:

But ah! no Muse propitious smil'd

Upon my natal Day.

Yet deign, dear Bard, a patient Ear,  
 To Friendship's Voice attend;  
 And read (— tho' not with Critic Sneer)  
 Each artless Line I send.

Nor e'er suspect these simple Lays  
 Are meant to blast thy Fame;  
 Believe me still more pleas'd to praise,  
 Tho' I should dare to blame.

No Wretch that wounds thy laurell'd Brow,  
 Shall scape vindictive Wrath:  
 For P O P E himself, if living now,  
 Might praise the Bard of B A T H.

In P R I O R, S W I F T, and P O P E we find  
*Art, Wit, and Genius* all combin'd.  
 Such Charms *They* had; and such have *You*;  
 Yet still I cannot (—entre Nous, —)  
 But think they had their Failings too.  
 They shone, the Glory of their Days,  
 Bright as the Sun in noontide Blaze;

But



But then some Spots the curious Eye  
 Can even in the Sun descry.  
 Good-natur'd Wit that's ever chaste,  
 (Offspring of purest Heart and Taste)  
 However sprightly, sharp, or droll,  
 Can sure offend no living Soul.  
 Such Wit a Bishop's Praise might claim,  
 And such a BLACKMORE scarce cou'd blame.  
 But Jest's profane, or Wit obscene,  
 I cannot pardon in a Dean;  
 Nor can I, for my Life, admire  
 Immodest Humour in a—'Squire.  
 Hence many a Verse that SWIFT has made,  
 We blush to own we ever read;  
 And, spite of *Elegance* and *Ease*,  
 Ev'n PRIOR'S Tales sometimes displease.  
 But if in POPE (—whose moral Page  
 At once improv'd, and charm'd his Age,  
 Whose Rules\* admitted no Excuse  
 For any Wit *obscene* or *loose*—)

\* "No Pardon vile *Obscenity* should find,

"Tho' Wit, and Art conspire to move your mind."

We chance to meet one Thought impure,  
 We sigh—we grieve—'tis past all cure,  
 And soft,—we spare th' unconscious dead,  
 Light be the Turf that hides his Head!—

To you, dear Sir, I turn from P O P E,  
 But feel alternate Dread, and Hope;  
 I almost tremble, as I write,  
 Left your Resentment I excite:  
 Yet may I hope you'll condescend  
 To bear the Censures of a Friend.  
 Which ever Way you be inclin'd,  
 I'll dare, for once, to speak my mind;  
 Tho' much I fear the *Censor's* Wand;  
 May ill become my feeble Hand.

As late I happen'd to peruse  
 The festive Labours of your Muse;  
 Oft as I read each charming Line;  
 I prais'd,—admir'd,—and wish'd it mine:  
 But e'er I reach'd your thirtieth Page,  
 My Pleasure damp'd with Grief, and Rage,

I threw,



I threw, Sir, one unwilling Lash on  
Your pleasing—painful ODE ON FASHION;  
You must know why—I knit my Brow,  
And lour'd Disgust—as you may now.

What Pity one vile Branch shou'd shoot  
Midst Clusters of ambrosial Fruit!—  
What Pity midst a thousand Flow'rs,  
Lovely as those near *Eden's* Bow'rs,  
One fightless Weed shou'd rear its Head,  
And rank, offensive Odours shed!—

Full many a barren Land is seen  
From Thorns, or Thistles, never clean;  
But some indeed enjoy the Lot  
To till a richer, fairer Spot;  
Yet still it claims their constant Care,  
To keep that fairer Spot quite fair.

To you, dear Sir, indulgent Heav'n  
A rich, luxuriant Vein has giv'n;

'Tis

'Tis yours to keep (— the Hint excuse)  
That Vein from running wild, and loose.

When *Wit* with *Decency* is join'd,  
The happy Union charms my Mind;  
And why you ever put afunder  
The lovely *Pair*, I greatly wonder.

But stop.—No more of this at present;  
Too long a Lecture is unpleasant.  
And I forbear, lest you shou'd think,  
There's too much *Gall* mix'd with my *Ink*.

C — W — P — E.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Next Post you may expect a Letter,  
Which, I presume, will please you better;  
'Tis from the eldest of my Brothers,  
Who likes *your* Book above all others.

L E T T E R



## LETTER II.

T O T H E  
AUTHOR OF THE NEW BATH GUIDE,

F R O M

J—N—T—N W—P—E, Esq.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF SOME HUMOUR, AND LEARNING,  
THOUGH, IN MANY RESPECTS, A TRUE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

**A**S you are a Scholar, and son of A POLLÒ,  
And scörn to write Prose, because you compose  
Such Verses as no one can better;  
I fear my sad *fingle*, will make your Ears tingle;  
Yet dear Brother 'Squire, I hope, and desire,  
You'll kindly accept of this Letter.

At School I remember old THWACKUM oft made us  
Look out for a Word in a Book call'd the *Gradus*;

In which he did wisely ; for what had been madder,  
 Than such kind of climbing without any Ladder? —  
 Yet ne'er cou'd I get to the Top of your P I N D U S,  
 No more than leap in at my own Garret Windows.  
 And as for your sweet *Heliconian* Rill,  
 That trickles so fast at the Foot of the Hill ;  
 I'll venture a Wager, 'tis hardly so good,  
 As the Brook that runs down by the Side of my Wood.  
 To others, you tell us, you'll freely resign  
 Your Share of that Fountain ; and so will I mine. —

Why shou'd we drink Water, when somewhere in F L A C C U S

'Tis said the best Poets were Vot'ries of B A C C H U S,

And some have maintain'd it—whoever drinks Water,

Must never expect to write good Verses a'ter ;

Nay, often I've heard that Philosophers drank hard,

And great is the Force of a Bottle, or Tankard.

But yet shou'd I drink fifty Hogsheads of Wine,

I never shou'd write such a Poem as thine.

I've read all the *Guide* ; and I swear it's so clever,

I never read any Thing like it ; no, never.

Tho'



Tho' grave ones are vext at your making a *Farce* on  
 His *Lordship* in *Lawn*, and BOB JEROM the *Parson*.  
 What, tho' it displeases our worthy old Vicar,  
 Who loves not, as I do, good Verses, or Liquor;  
 And little Miss PRIESTLEY can scarcely endure it,  
 Because the fond-Fool is in love with the Curate?  
 Yet others your *Spirit*, and *Humour* admire,  
 That shews the fine Poet, and *this* the—*true* *Squire*.  
 Your Rhime is so noble, so nimble your Measure,  
 One cannot but read 'em with infinite Pleasure.  
 Some Verses resemble a *Newmarket Horse*,  
 Now trotting, now galloping over the Course;  
 And some glide o'er the Tongue, as smooth, and nice,  
 As scates a *Dutchman* o'er the polish'd Ice.  
 They charm one with Variety of Metre,  
 Like Tunes, by proper change of Notes, made sweeter;  
 Or like the lovely DELIA dancing  
 With various Air, and Step, advancing  
 Now majestically Slow,  
 Now with light, elastic Toe.  
 Such sweet Changes much delight  
 Both the Hearing, and the Sight.

Astonishing Proofs, Sir, your *Poem* affords—  
 Of Knowledge extensive in Things, and in Words.  
 'Tis clear as the Sunshine how well you are read  
 In several Languages—*living*, and *dead*.  
 What Bard in the Nation cou'd bring half so pat in,  
 Such Phrases of *French*, and of *Physcal Latin*?—  
 Tho' this, it is true, is but such kind of Knowledge,  
 As in sev'n whole Years you might pick up at College.  
 But your deep Penetration in some other Things,  
 You cou'd not have gain'd in a Cent'ry at K I N G 's.  
 And very amazing (the Ladies confess) is  
 Your perfect Acquaintance with all their fine Dreffes,\*  
 Which found mighty pretty (they say) in a *Poem*;  
 But they think it is odd that a *Poet* shou'd know 'em.  
 Some fancy 'tis likely that wonderful Skill  
 You got, in great part, from a *Millener's Bill*:  
 But others declare—they wou'd venture their Life,  
 You're chiefly indebted for *that* to your Wife.  
 Some Ladies esteem it a plain Indication  
 You're thoroughly fitted for their Conversation,

\* Vide New Bath Guide, pag. 31.



And have, beyond Doubt, a most exquisite Taste  
In *Sattins*, and *Laces*, in *Di'monds*, and *Passe*.

As sure as I look in your *Guide* for a Minute,  
Some Beauty, or other I always find in it.  
To tell you one Half of the Things I admire,  
Instead of a *Sheet*, I must write you a *Quire*;  
And that I am certain your Patience would tire.  
I'll send you, however, my Thoughts on the Letter  
I read but this Moment; for none I like better.  
It paints in a Manner so funny, and neat,  
Your Lord RAGGAMUFFENN's prodigious fine Treat,  
With which, I believe, I'm as highly delighted,  
As all the great Folks were his Lordship invited.  
To me the bare *Names* of the People you mention,  
Are so many Proofs of your happy Invention;  
So nervous, and striking are some of their Sounds,  
That those very Names I have given my Hounds;  
Which mightily pleases my *Huntsman*, and JACK,  
My *Whipper-in*, thinks 'em the best in the Pack.  
Tho' whilst my Lord sat by my Lady BUNBUTTER,  
His Liver seem'd hot, and his Heart in a Flutter,

Yet, doubtless, he cool'd both his Courage, and Liver,  
 By falling so seas'nably into the River.  
 I own, when I read this mischance of your Peer,  
 I burst out a-laughing; I cou'd not forbear,  
 And think, 'twou'd have split me, if I had been there.  
 For much the same Accident happen'd of late,  
 (Forgive my comparing of small Things with great)  
 To as vile, or a viler *Moravian* Rabbi,  
 Than him, who impos'd upon credulous *TABBY* \*.  
 This rascally Fellow, (whom many Fools follow,  
 And think all his Doctrines delightful to swallow)  
 Was coming to preach—on the Last of November,  
 A Day which I think I shall ever remember,  
 And just as he got to the Turn of our Lane,  
 Confoundedly wet with a Shower of Rain,  
 And was amb'ling, and scamb'ling along on his Pony,  
 As fast as he cou'd (—for the Lane it was stony)  
 He rode, like a Blunderhead, plump against me,  
 And down in a Ditch came his Pony, and he.  
 Such sprawling and bawling, such stumbling and grumbling,  
 I cou'd not but laugh at, tho' very near tumbling.

\* Vide New Bath Guide, p. 62, and 143.



No *Nai*ds were there, for they dwell not in Ditches ;  
 He got out himself ; but his Coat, and his Breeches  
 Were in such a Pickle, as never was seen ;  
 'Twas Fifty to One they wou'd never come clean,  
 And I left the poor Rogue in a far worse Condition,  
 Than Lord RAGGAMUFFENN, or SLOP the Physician.

But now it is Time that my Letter conclude,  
 For Fear you may think me both tedious, and rude,  
 And scarcely be able to read thro' it all,  
 As really I write a most infamous Scrawl.

I ruin'd my Writing by playing the Fool  
 In scribbling my Themes, and my Verses at School ;  
 And DICK, my young Brother, will just do the same,  
 Tho' bred at a School of the very first Name.

If *this* Letter happens to please you, dear Brother,  
 In a Week, or two more, I may send you another.  
 Be that as it may, with Affection most fervent,  
 I am your Admirer, and most humble Servant,

J— W—P—E.

L E T T E R

## L E T T E R III.

T O T H E  
AUTHOR OF THE NEW BATH GUIDE,

F R O M

M I S S C — . W — P — E.

O N C E more to my Censure, dear Poet, attend,  
Tho' ever your Critic, I'm ever your Friend.

Your drolling on *Scripture*, tho' *You* may call *Wit*,  
Ev'n *Dulness*, I think, is far better than *it*.

Some Ladies complain, and I needs must confess,  
You speak rather freely of *Us*, and our Drefs.

My Hair is but bad, and Complexion too faint;

Yet seldom I powder, and never use *Pain*;

So I laugh'd at your Lash on the Ladies who shone

In Heads, and Complexions, *not wholly their own*:

But



But many repent your sarcastical Fling;  
 And *Poets*, they say, do the very same Thing.  
 Your Satire on Wives, they declare, is exceeding  
 The Bounds of all Decency, Justice, and Breeding.

My good Lady SCROOBY  
 Protests you're a Booby  
 For railing so much at the Ladies.  
 She wishes an Ague  
 May heartily plague you,  
 And make you as pale as *QURR*'s Shade is;  
 Unless for the future you let *Us* alone;  
 And rail not at *our* Heads, but *bold up your own*:

Yes! *bold up your Head*; 'tis an excellent Rule,  
 She wonders you never was taught it at School;  
 To set up the Shoulders, and poke out the Chin,  
 As *You* do, she says, is a Shame, and a Sin.

But further—your Satire, and scandalous Tales  
 Have so much disgusted a Lady of *WALES*,

She

She wou'd not be sorry to hear you was dead,  
 And wish'd—but I must not tell all that she said:  
 Tho' my Brother declares—for the Sake of the Fun  
 He'll tell you the Story, as sure as a Gun.  
 And I fear that he will, tho' I said he had better  
 Refrain from inserting such Things in a Letter.  
 But he's apt to be pleas'd, if by chance he can vex,  
 Or find any Reason to censure, our Sex;  
 And a *Woman's* Advice, tho' it be for the best,  
 Most Gentlemen treat as a Folly, and Jest,  
 And *You*, Sir, perhaps are as bad as the rest.  
 Yet will I, however, advise you this once,  
 Tho' call'd an impertinent *Critic*, or *Dunce*.

There is in your Poem a *Thing call'd a Hymn*,  
 At best, 'tis a wicked, ridiculous Whim.  
 This Part, and some others, at which I have hinted,  
 I heartily wish, Sir, you never had printed.  
 For then had I read the whole Poem with Pleasure,  
 And valu'd it much, as an exquisite Treasure.  
 Do, let me intreat you (—with D — s — y's Permission)  
 To strike them all out of each future Edition.



Can you, or the Bookfeller possibly doubt  
Their selling so well, if so much be struck out?—  
Yet never regard it, if that be the Case;  
You may write as much more to insert in their Place.

And now, as I've honestly told you my mind,  
You'll do me Injustice to take it unkind.  
Your Sense and your Candour, I hope, can excuse  
Such Freedom and Truth in a well-meaning Muse.  
But whether my Hints you approve or despise,  
I'm certain—a Word is enough to the Wise;  
And so I conclude, Sir, &c. &c. &c.

C— W—P—E.

## LETTER IV.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE NEW BATH GUIDE,

FROM

J—N—T—N W—P—E, Esq.

WHAT Poet in *Europe*, like you, can excel

In writing on so many subjects so well?—

Alike, Sir, I'm charm'd, when I read in your Book,

The Feats of a Lord, or the Praise of a Cook.

The Song that you give us on good Master GILL,

To me is a Proof of your excellent Skill:

Tho' it seems to be wrote with such infinite Ease,

Some think they can make such a Song, when they please.

How sweet it wou'd be if a *Tune* were put to it?—

Now really I wish you wou'd get ARNE to do it;

And



And if it was set in a Key that wou'd suit  
 To play on the Harpsichord, Fiddle, and Flute,  
 My Sister, and Brother, and I shou'd delight  
 To play it, and sing it from Morning to Night;  
 And more wou'd be pleas'd, in my humble Opinion,  
 With *this*, than the *Frontispiece* graven by GRIGNION,  
 Tho' wisely intended to shew, I suppose,  
 How *Folly* leads Fools in a String by the Nose\*.

Your Wit on the Ladies some think too severe.  
 Indeed it has nettled a great Lady here,  
 That's lately arriv'd on a Visit from WALES,  
 And akin (by the Way) to the Countess of SCALES.  
 By patching and painting she shews her high Breeding,  
 But boasts, besides this, a great Fondness for reading;  
 And has, I believe, at her Leisure read o'er  
 Some Poems in DRYDEN, and POPE, and some more.  
 A few Days ago, when a *Pool* at *Quadrille*  
 Had highly provok'd her, the Cards running ill,

\* Vide Frontispiece to the fourth Edition of the New Bath Guide.

Immediately after, my Sister, and She  
Had a curious Dialogue over their Tea.

My Sister enquir'd—as she sat by her Side,  
If her Ladyship ever had read the *Bath Guide*.

“ Yes, Miss, (said she) and for my Part I scout it,

“ Tho' some People make such a Pother about it.”—

My Sister replied with a Smile and some Spirit,

“ I think, Ma'am, the Book has a great deal of Merit ;

“ Tho' some Things I blame, and perhaps it may be

“ On *Us*, and our *Failings* a little too free.”—

Quite into a Ferment it threw her W E L C H Blood,

To find her own Judgment so strongly withstood.

She then, with a Vengeance, began to abuse

My Sister's Opinion, and You, and your Muse.

She wonder'd that People your *Merit* shou'd mention,

Or praise you so much for your *Wit* and *Invention*.

Her Ladyship struck at your Burlesque on D R Y D E N \*,

Which I, cou'd I make such another, shou'd pride in.

She said you had stolen from P O P E A L E X A N D E R,

And shamefully mimick'd a Poet still grander,

\* Vide New Bath Guide, p. 128.



And then in a Passion —

She call'd you *pert Bard*,  
 For railing so hard  
 At Ladies for painting their Faces;  
 When, in Things not your own,  
 It was plain *You* had shone;  
 And that a far greater Disgrace is.  
  
 Grew bolder, and bolder,  
 The Room could not hold her,  
 Like great J U N O at J U P I T E R tearing;  
 Till at length she grew glum,  
 Our Looks struck her dumb,  
 And shot her as dead as a Herring.

I cou'd not with twice fifty Tongues, I assure you,  
 Tell all that her Ladyship said in her Fury.  
 Thus often you see that an *unlucky Card*  
 Will put the most sensible Folks off their Guard;  
 Tho' this you may think but a paltry Excuse  
 For letting their Tongue and Resentment break loose;

And

And People so subject to Passion as they,  
I own, are to blame in persisting to play.  
But her Ladyship (—setting that Passion aside)  
I plainly perceive is displeas'd with your *Guide*.  
She spoke much against it a Day or two after,  
And said, with an Air of Good-Humour and Laughter,  
That one Day, or other, she hop'd at some Banquet  
To see you most heartily tofs'd in a Blanket,  
She vow'd you shou'd feel th' Effects of her Wrath,  
If ever she happen'd to meet you at B A T H ;  
And others she knew of great Fashion and Rank,  
Who gladly would join her to play you some Prank.  
Besides you must know, in a Day, or two more,  
She thinks to set off for th' A V O N I A N Shore ;  
And this seems to me, Sir, a very good Reason,  
Why *You* shou'd not venture that Journey this Season :  
And therefore I humbly beg Leave, my dear Brother,  
Instead of that Journey to mention another ;  
And *that* is a Visit to me the next Week,  
Forgive me, dear Sir, if too freely I speak ;  
But as heartily welcome, I give you my Word,  
You'll be at my House, as a Knight, or a Lord ;

And



And I hope that a Month, at the least, you will stay;  
 Consider how soon a whole Month runs away;  
 How rapid, tho' merry, our Moments will pass,  
 In hunting, or dancing, or over the Glafs.  
 I'll make you as happy as ever I can,  
 For that very Purpose I've thought on a Plan;  
 And as far as I know of your Living and Taste,  
 'Twill suit you extremely, tho' drawn up in Haste;  
 I'll send you a Sketch, but I fully expect,  
 What you do not approve, you will freely correct,  
 And pray be as free too, whenever you come,  
 And as easy with me, as you wou'd be at Home.

The principle Parts of my Plan, Sir, are these:  
 Three Times in a Week we will hunt, if you please;  
 And I hope you will think that the Dogs in my Stable  
 Make far sweeter Music than P I N T O, or A B E L:

For when they cry about my Ears,  
 It seems the Music of the Spheres.  
 I swear, I'd rather hear my Hounds,  
 Than all your fine *Italian Sounds*.

My

## POETICAL EPISTLES.

My little T O W Z E N 's Silver Note  
 Is sweeter than T E N D U C C I 's Throat;  
 And more deserves—*Bravo, Encora,*  
 Than all the Quavers of C A L O R A,  
 Or any other *Signiora*.  
 It really puts me in a Passion  
 To see so many Folks of Fashion,  
 And such as boast superior Taste,  
 Their Time and Money idly waste,  
 And into silly Raptures fall  
 On hearing their *outlandish Squall*.  
 Sure E N G L A N D has but little Sense  
 To keep *Them* here at such Expence.

C H \* \* P N \* \* s indeed I've heard with Wonder,  
 He roars so nobly loud; like Thunder,  
 He almost splits one's Head afunder;  
 And, doubtless, has uncommon Merit  
 In singing with *true English Spirit*:  
 Yet cannot He, I think, or W \* \* s E,

My brave P A N S M O W Z E R 's deep-mouth'd Cry surpass.

And



And then it so transports one's Heart  
To see the *charming* *Creatures* dart,

Like Light'ning, cross the Plain;  
I scarcely envy S I M K I N ' s Fun—  
In seeing all the Ladies run,

And scuddle thro' the Rain\*.

But when we return from the Sports of the Chase;  
Our Spirits good Cheer shall refresh, and solace.

Besides, if you please, I will ask, as I'm wont,

Some Gentlemen Home, that belong to the *Hunt*;

We'll have a good Song, and all join in a *Chorus*,

With full-flowing Bowls, and our Bottles before us.

Thus may we, dear 'Squire, bid Defiance to Sorrow,

Nor trouble our Heads with the Cares of the Morrow;

And as to Affairs of the *Church*, or the *Nation*,

They're nothing to People in our Situation.

We'll course all the Days of our hunting between,

With a Brace of good Grey-hounds, as ever were seen;

And spend the Night after quite sober, and still;

Along with the Ladies at Loo, or Quadrille.

\* Vide New Bath Guide, pag. 125.

But I will not confine you, whenever you chuse  
 To be at your Leisure, and sport with your Muse.  
 For our manner of Living, it is my desire,  
 Shou'd equally suit you—as *Poet*, and *Squire*.  
 But I think, as you vastly delight in a Ball,  
 To have a good Dance ev'ry Week in our Hall;  
 And tho' we should have it on *Saturday* Night,  
 You scarcely will scruple its not being right.

Thus, merry as *May*,  
 We'll dance it away,  
 Then go To-Bed weary and yawning;  
 There down we shall drop,  
 And sleep like a Top,  
 In spite of Church-Bells the next Morning.

And this (—if I err, Sir, my Error forgive)  
 Is nearly the Manner in which you wou'd live.

W—P—E—N Hall,

February 2, 1767.

J— W—P—E.

P O S T-



## P O S T S C R I P T.

As late I was looking our News-Paper o'er,  
With Pleasure I read of your Gift to the Poor.  
How happy a Poet are *You*, my dear *Guide*,  
Who've enough for yourself, and for others beside?  
Your Talents and Fortune are both very rare,  
For *Poets* oft starve on their *Wits*, and the *Air*.  
Full many a Bard wou'd be heartily willing,  
Where *You* have a *Pound*, to take up with a *Shilling*;  
But, alas! by his *Wits* he is left in the Lurch,  
And as hungry, and poor—as a Mouse in a Church.

11: 7: 49

F I N I S.

Lately published, printed at CAMBRIDGE, and sold by J. JOHNSON and B. DAVENPORT, in LONDON; and T. and J. MERRILL in CAMBRIDGE.

- 1 **M**R. Bally's Poem on the Justice of the Supreme Being, is
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_ Wisdom of the Supreme Being, is
- 3 \_\_\_\_\_ Providence of the Supreme Being, is
- 4 Dr. Glynn's Poem on the Day of Judgment, is
- 5 Mr. Porteus on Death, a Poetical Essay, is
- 6 Mr. Lettice's Conversion of St. Paul, is
- 7 Mr. Zouch's Crucifixion, a Poetical Essay, is  
*N. B. The above Poems gained Mr. Seaton's Prize.*
- 8 The Traveller, an Arabic Poem, from the Latin of Dr. Pocock, by L. Chappelow, B. D.  
is 6d
- 9 Mr. Green's Translation of the Song of Deborah, is
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